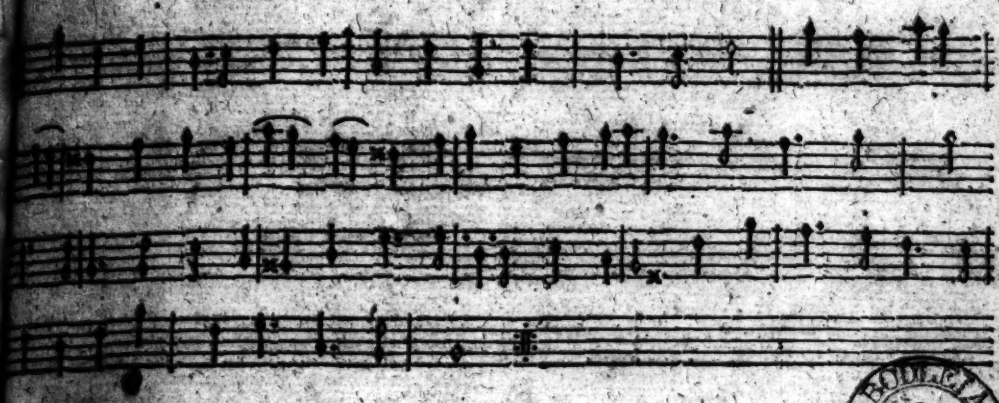
To the Tune of, *Would you be a Man of Fashion.*



I.

Would you be a Man of Fashion,
Wou'd you lead a Life Divine?
Would you be a Man of Fashion,
Would you lead a Life Divine?
Be a little Dram of Passion,
And a lusty Bowl of Wine.
Be Nymph, have no Compassion,
Join it to no sigh and Groan;
Be sure but put in for fashion,
Wine will do the Work alone.

II.

Would you have at your Devotion,
Come Pop *Whigs* that loves to prate?
Would you have, &c.
Come Pop, &c.
Take a Dram of *Tony's* Notion,
In a Coffee-Dish of State:
The Poyson will not warm you,
Take ye Tea, 'twill do the thing;
There are States-men can inform you
How to Rule without a King.

III.

Would you then be thought most witty,
Would you be a Man of parts?
Would you be, &c.
Would you, &c.
And the Fashion of the City,
Till your Hang'd for your Deserts:
If your Virtue's not Rewarded,
For the glorious thing you aim'd;
And another Saint Recorded,
Co—— and Cu—— both be damn'd.

IV.

Wou'd you have a New Religion,
founded on a Plot of State?
Wou'd you have, &c.
founded, &c.
Whisper but with *Pra*—— Pidgeon,
in a Dungeon through a Grate:
If your Soul finds no impression,
Murdered *Godfrey* will appear;
Though there needs no more Confession,
kiss the Book, and all is clear.

V.

Wou'd you have a true Narration,
how the City first was fir'd;
Wou'd you, &c.
how, &c.
Let the Monuments relation,
prove the Man, and those they hir'd:
If the *Phœnix* was consumed,
as they say, by Popish Priggs;
All her pride was re-assumed
by the *Ignoramus-Whigs*.

VI.

Wou'd you have another Charter,
you that should be Men of sence?
Wou'd, &c.
you that, &c.
Talk no more of *Magna-Charta*,
but relye upon your Prince:
If you can Repent sincerely,
Cæsar has a God-like mind;
Purge out Factiousness severely,
Cæsar will be always kind.

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